The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1918.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

The Y.M.C.A. will soon go up and down the highways of America in a campaign to raise a new bank account, for their working fund must grow apace with our Army in France. They will ask a hundred million dollars—a hundred million to be gathered, in sums large and small, from the ever generous pockets of the folks back home.

We hope they get it. It means new shelters and new stages for Elsie Janis and those who are to follow in her fancy steps. It means movies and music, huts and hospitality, chocolate and cheer.

We hope, too, that the over-zealous will not be suffered this time to raise any fraction of that fortune on false pretenses; that no effort will be made to pry open pious purses by means of alarming stories about the iniquities of Army life, which—in matters of clean-living—is, after all, rather more decent than civilian life. Memory brings vividly to our minds the strains of a hymn, which, by an odd coincidence, was sung to the air of "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," and of which the climacteric verse intoned this sentiment:

> Lift up the Red Triangle
> Against the things that maim—
> It conquers booze, the wrecker,
> It shuts the house of shame.

We most devoutly hope that no old ladies of either sex will be beguiled into contributing a single centime to that $100,000,000 in the delusion that, without our brothers of the Red Triangle, the A.E.F. would relapse into a riotous group of venereal drunkards.

ALSACE

A thrill was felt to the uttermost reaches of the A.E.F., a thrill must have stirred every heart back home, at the news that American troops were holding a sector of the Allied line in Alsace.

From that dark day nearly half a century ago when Alsace and Lorraine were wrested from humiliated France as part of Bismarck's booty, the lost provinces have stood in modern history as the symbol of military oppression. That symbol gained in sinister significance as the closing months of 1914 showed all the world that once again the Prussian bully meant to seize and hold and govern a helpless people against their will.

It is the first chapter in the gospel of President Wilson that the treaty of peace which will conclude this war shall suffer no such injustice, no other such breeder of bitterness and fear, shall recognize no such thing in modern times as a country held captive, a population held prisoner.

To emphasize this argument, America has already sent across the Atlantic the largest army that ever crossed an ocean. Thereto it will add, please God, enough contingents to make the point quite clear, for the only language that the Hohenzollerns understand is the language of the guns. They must be told that the lost provinces are no lost cause, and this the thunder of American artillery in the echoing mountains of Alsace is saying now in accents unmistakable.

CHERCHEZ LA TETE ROUGE

Has anybody around France seen any red headed orphans?

If so, THE STARS AND STRIPES would like to know it. To date we have denied that there are any, but several requests for them, coming to the war orphan department, have raised the suspicion that maybe we are wrong—that maybe somebody has seen some. We haven't been able to find any and neither has the Red Cross.

We think we are being kidded, but we are not sure. In the meantime, the orphan department would like to enlist the A.E.F. in a red headed orphan hunt.

WILHELM OWNS UP

The Kaiser is speaking:

"When the war broke out, the German people did not clearly realize what it meant, but I knew quite well, and the first outburst of enthusiasm neither blinded me nor made any change in my plans or calculations.

"I fully realized that England's participation meant a world war. It was not to be a strategic campaign, but a struggle between two conceptions of the world—either the Prussian and Germanic conception of right, liberty, honor and morals must continue to be respected or the English conception must triumph. These two conceptions were diametrically opposed. One of them must be overcome, and it could not be done in a few weeks or months or even a year. This was very clear to me."

"This was very clear to me." Mark well the words of the War Lord. For it was none other than the Kaiser who, in August, 1914, promised the German women that their husbands and sons would be back from the war before the leaves had fallen from the trees that coming autumn.

The Kaiser now comes out in the open. He admits that he tricked his own people. that he lied to all the world when he declared that Germany had taken up arms "to free Europe of the Slavic menace" of Russia, and for that reason only. He confesses outright that the war was launched to put the "made-in-Germany" brand on the earth; that it was a war for world-wide German *domination*; that it has been, all along, just the kind of a war that his enemies have said it was.

"The Prussian and Germanic conception of right, liberty, honor and morals." The men at the front know that there is no right, liberty, honor or morals in the Boche who will play the "kamerad" trick, bomb hospitals, maltreat prisoners, and ravish the women of an invaded country. They know that there is no health in him, or in his masters.

"One of them must be overcome." Yes, Kaiser Wilhelm. That is why we're over here.

1776—1918

One hundred and forty-two years ago this coming Thursday, a little band of Americans gathered together in a stuffy upstairs room in Philadelphia and set their names to a document that was destined to change the history of the world. The document set forth "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." It further declared "that, to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," and added, "that, whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it."

So affirming, the signers of that document proceeded solemnly to "publish and declare, That the United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States . . . and that as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do." And, for the support of that declaration, so they wrote, "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, We mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor."

They launched their protest and levied their war against exactly the thing which their descendants are fighting today: "The establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States." They asserted, and with reason that their "repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury," just as their descendants, who also strove to keep the peace, were answered by the ruthless Government of Germany. And they maintained in regard to the king whose yoke they threw off—even as the Americans of today maintain in regard to the king they are fighting: "A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people."

In 1918 as in 1776, the cause of America is the same.

THE PROVING

A regiment that delivered some of the most smashing blows at Château-Thierry came out of the battle with new ideas as to who were the best among its leaders.

The men swear now by a captain they had all cursed for his severity in the tedious days of training, and a captain who, in those days, was a genial, easy-going favorite, is a favorite no longer.

One grim sergeant whose name used to be a hissing and a byword among the privates he afflicted is the hero of his company today. One fussy, prim old-time non-com whom the contemptuous bucks of a later vintage used to call "Granny" is only a memory—the memory of a soldier who fought like the very devil and who died, at last, magnificently.

You never can tell. Battle ever was and is now the acid test of the soldier. Until that test has been passed, we do not know our fellows. We do not know ourselves.

SHOP TALK

You remember how you used to walk two blocks out of your way back home to get away from the man who wanted to "talk shop" after office hours? You recall how you used to plead an engagement and lie valiantly, whenever he sidled up to you of an evening and started in on costs, production, maintenance, and—horrors of horrors!—"efficiency"? When you were through with work, you wanted to be through—quit—*fini*; you didn't want to hear a blooming thing about your job or anybody else's. And nobody could justly blame you.

But over here? Shop talk in the morning, shop talk at noon, shop talk well into the watches of the night. Always is there something to be learned from somebody who has just been somewhere, always is there something to be told to somebody who hasn't been where you have been. And most of it is useful and comes in mighty handy when tackling the next job of war.

A curse in peace time, shop talk in war time is an absolute necessity. You can't know too much about the job you're on now—the biggest and most important that ever a man had put up to him.

USE YOUR BEAN

Three Americans were riding in a French train. They had the compartment to themselves, save for one other man, a civilian, who for all they knew was a Frenchman. As a matter of fact, he was an Englishman. That is how we got the story.

Two of the Americans began to talk to each other in German. It might have been first year high school German or it might have been *wirklich Berliner*, the dialect the Kaiser talks to God in. But it was German.

"You'd better cut it," said the third American. "This is France. Use your bean."

If you know any German, hang on to it. It is as valuable to know your enemy's tongue as it is to know your friend's. But the place to polish up your acquaintance with your enemy's language is not your friend's train.

The Army's Poets

THE DRIVER

I'm a slouch and a slop and a slu*ff*er,
And my ears they are covered with hair,
And I *frequent* inhabit the guardhouse—
I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre."
But my off horse, she shines like a countess,
And my nigh made the general blink.
And they pull like twin bats fresh from Hades,
And they're quick as a demimonde's wink.

Oh, it's often I'm late at formations,
And it's taps I completely disdain.
And my bunk, it brings tears from the captain,
And the cooties are at me again.
But when theres' a piece in the mire,
With her muzzle just rimming the muck,
Then it's hustle for me and my beauties—
If they don't they are S.O. of luck.

And when there's some route thats' receiving
Its tender regards from the Huns,
Then we gallop hell hent for election
To our duty o' feeding the guns.
The gas, the H.E., and the shrapnel,
They brighten our path as they burst,
But they've never got me or my chevals—
They'll have to catch up to us first.

I'm a slouch and a slop and a slu*ff*er,
And my ears they are covered with hair,
And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse—
I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre,"
But my horses, they neigh when I'm coming',
An' my spurs knows how hefty they drag,
An' the cap. lent me ten francs this mornin'—
Here's to him an' to me an' the flag!

F.M.H.D., F.A.

TRENCH POEMS

I—On the Fire Step

The sun goes down behind a hill,
For half an hour all is still.
The sky grows dark, the stars appear—
We watch the moon through cloudlets steer.

We hear the rumble of the wheels
Of ration-carts, with store for meals,
And then—a flare's great flaming ray
Turns brooding night to broad mid-day.

Next, we can hear machine guns fire—
They eat into the foe's barbed wire—
One hundred rounds, and then they cease;
Again is No Man's Land at peace.

In dugouts deep the tired men snore
While big rats run across the floor,
And one man twists from left to right—
'Tis hard to sleep when cooties bite!

The breeze wafts over No Man's Land
The martial strains of a martial band;
The Huns, no doubt, rejoice in glee
O'er tales of transports sunk at sea.

But our guns spot that German band—
The gas shells scream o'er No Man's Land
For fifteen minutes: then all's still,
And—no more music behind the hill!

Day now breaks; our shift is done,
For daylight fights lure not the Hun,
We thank our stars—an easy stunt:
"A quiet night on the Western Front."

Sgt. JOHN J. CURTIN, Hdqs. Co., — Inf.

THE NEW ARMY

Who are those soldiers
Who go marching down?
They're the young fellows
Of your old home town.

The butcher's son, the baker's,
His Honor's lad, too;
The old casual mixture
Of Gentile and Jew.

Don't they march manly!
Ay, they step right;
And soon by the papers
Ye'll see they can fight!

R. R. KIRK, S.S.U. 648.

CAMOUFLAGE

They tell us tales of camouflage,
The art of hiding things;
Of painted forts and lowered guns
Invisible to wings.
Well, it's nothing new to us.
To us, the rank and file;
We understand this camouflage
—We laughed away your tears.

They say that scientific men
And artists of renown
Debated long on camouflage
Before they got it down.
Well, it came right off to us,
We didn't have to learn;
We understood this camouflage
—We said we'd soon return.

We understand this camouflage,
This art of hiding things;
It's what's behind a soldier's jokes
And all the songs he sings.
Yes, it's nothing new to us,
To us, the rank and file;
We understand this camouflage
—We left home with a smile.

THE MUMPS

I once thought that war was a terrible thing,
That France was a helluva spot,
That once you arrived you were all out of luck,
With worry and trouble your lot.
But life's not as bad as some figure it is,
Providing you're there for the jumps,
For here I am taking it easy in bed,
And all that I've got is the mumps.

My right jaw resembles a misplaced balloon,
My skin was preparing to burst;
They said I was due for a "swell" time, at least,
And told me to look for the worst.
But as quick as it rose, just as quick did it die,
'Ere yet I developed the dumps;
And while I am taking it easy in bed,
They think I am sick—with the mumps.

I'm getting my eggs every morning with toast;
The regiment's feasting on rice.
They slip me a steak for a starter at noon,
And fix it in ways that are nice;
Confronted at supper with salad and pie,
I laugh till I double in lumps,
For I know they are getting their slum back camp,
And here I am "sick"—with the mumps.

The reveille blare never worries me much,
I mockingly lie in the hay,
With never a budge till the doctor inquires,
"Well, how are you feeling today?"
There's no morning drill and I don't stand retreat—
Say, this is the humpiest of humps!
But the fellows are sending their sorrow and such,
Because I am "down with the mumps!"

Lt. M. COYLE SHEA, F.A.

C'EST LA GUERRE

There was a man in our town
And he was wond'rous wise;
He batted some three hundred odd,
And he was there for size;
He weighed a hundred eighty-five,
With not an ounce of fat;
This wise boy joined the Q.M. Corps—
Now whaddaya think of that?

There was another man in town
Who never earned a cent,
For Mother bought the cigarettes
And Father paid the rent.

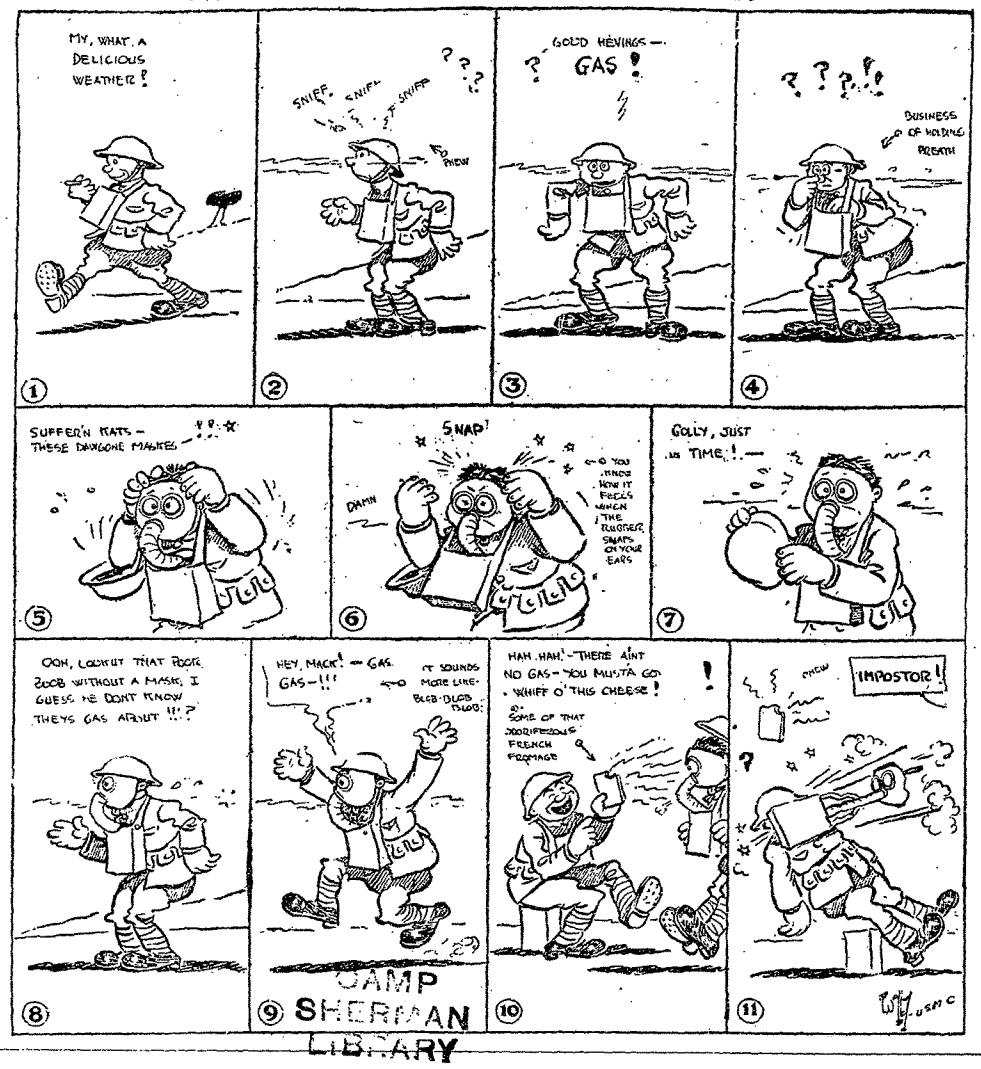
He was as thin as Campbell's soup,
Could hardly lift his hat;
They picked him for the Infantry—
Now whaddaya think of that?

But after six months' office work,
The Samson guy fell off;
His collar stood out from his neck,
And he began to cough;
He swung a pen from morn till night,
And right from where he sat
Dragged heavy letters 'cross his desk—
Now whaddaya think of that?

They put the light boy in a camp
And fed him up on slum,
Till he became a human being
And learned to cuss, by gum.
The big guns in a hospital,
And down and out and flat;
The doughboy's got the "Qua dee Gare"—
Now whaddaya think of that?

F. A. M., Jr.

COULD YOU BLAME HIM?



AN ARMY SUNDAY IN FRANCE

IF you're in luck enough to be what our French friends call *en repos* after doing a trick up front; if you're out of luck enough to be quartered in one of those feverishly energetic "rest" camps of which our British cousins are so fond; if you're just plain occupied in an American training area back of the lines; or, if you've just landed and are just sort of feeling your way around the country—what do you do on Sunday?

Hasty addition and correction: What do you do on a summer Sunday in France provided you're not on K.P., on guard, on fatigue detail, moving boxes, or cleaning things up for an inspection? For, as you well know, somebody has to do all those things on Sunday as well as every other day; and, just as often as not, it's apt to be your turn to do them.

But supposing the C.O. has rushed you so hard during the week that there is a whole day off, or even a whole half day off, looming up for Sunday; supposing the list of details on the bulletin board does not, by some miraculous chance, contain your name; supposing that you are able to duck your duty sergeant when he comes rushing around for "three volunteers to help move them crates"—when you get your day off or your half day off, what do you do with it?

OF course, a good deal depends on where you are when Sunday comes around, and on what attractions the countryside or city-side has to offer against the parson's or the Y.M. man's staples. But in general, after all the possibilities have been exhausted in planning, you know mighty well what you do, in the end. You either walk, sleep, or write. Sometimes you can work in all three.

Yes, and the greatest of these is walk; for you can't get to a place to fish, you can't get to a place to bathe, you usually can't get to a place to play ball (well, what of it?) without walking to it. Just as if you never did anything else in the Army—just as though the experience were an entirely new on—you walk.

Out into the fields, there to lie down and collect a shirtful of grasshoppers and pore over a two months' old comic supplement from the States and snooze blissfully in consequence; out into the woods where, under cover, you can take off your blouse and go along with it over your arm without having an M.P. call you for it; down by the river-side to dangle your feet in the historic stream after the manner by G.H.Q. made and provided—or, if the historic stream is deep enough (as it usually isn't) to jump in all over—you walk. And then you have to walk back, and are usually ready and willing to get back, by evening chow-time.

SOME of the historic streams have fish in them. Some of our O.D.-d friends—perhaps you're one of them—haven't gotten over the juvenile fishing habit; so, after a week of digging trenches and other things, they start Sunday right by delving for worms, pestering the supply sergeant for twine, making M'sieur, who runs the general store in the stone house on the corner, understand that it's a few old corks they want, and they're off.

Get anything? Sometimes, but rarely and poorly—for how can you entice fish when you can't speak their language? Still, a stray catch or two will give you credit for good intentions with the cook, for by producing a fish or two for the officers' mess he can lord it over them all the rest of the week and force them to get around on time to meals.

Fishing isn't a bad Sunday sport, as Sunday sports go; and, the nearer the sea you are, the better it is.

Of course, there are other places you can walk to besides the Old Swimmin' Hole or the quiet bend in the river where it's just overcast enough to fool the fish. There is usually a lot of history scattered around the French landscape right about where you are, and it's fairly good letter material to take in—if you don't locate it too accurately when writing home about it.

Unfortunately, however, it is usually up on top of hills and things, which makes for much hiking; and unfortunately, too, it usually has jealous guardians who have to be box-barraged with sous before they will open up and show it to you. At that, though, if you have the sous and the legs and the patience, it's as good a way as any to spend part of a Sunday—provided you come back and write home about it. No man in the A.E.F. has yet gone out to see an old castle or monastery just because he liked to.

IF you have a ukelele, and the guy next you has a banjo, and the guy on the other side can borrow the new lieutenant's mandolin by virtue of being the new lieutenant's orderly, there is every reason to believe that you have the Sunday-o-problem solved—except for the old-fashioned soldiers who believe in sleeping while they have a chance, and are unduly fussy about being musically disturbed.

If you haven't any of these things, the chances are that somebody will have a mouth organ, and you're off; that is, unless you're lucky enough to be within range of one of your own bands or a French one. Music always creeps into an A.E.F., Sunday, somehow, sooner or later; much to the delight of the admiring inhabitants of the billet town, and to the relieving of the American chest.

Naturally, if the company's baseball outfit has arrived, and there are 18 men who are not on guard or kitchen or anything, there's only one thing to do with Sunday afternoon, (Dr. Kneeland, of the Lord's Day League, is not in France). Even if there are not 18 men free, even if there is no real bat, just nothing but a wagon tongue, filched right from under the stable sergeant's nose; even if there is nothing but an old, busted and rain-soaked indoor baseball, there is only one thing to do with Sunday afternoon, namely, One Old Cat, with steel Stetsons for bases, and no gloves. On occasion, the outfield may be dispensed with, and two teams of six made up. On any occasion, the umpire can be eliminated.

IF it rains, as it is just as like as not to do, the weather man of Europe being a pro-German and generally a skunk, there are the indoor pastimes of Sunday: Shirt-picking, reading, shaving, sock-changing, and oiling up the old gun. Lots of things get done on rainy Sundays in the A.E.F. that never would get done at all, otherwise; so perhaps that remark about the weather man is a bit unfair.

But rain or no rain, the great and goodly sport of writing home flourishes apace in every camp, in every rest billet, in every place where the A.E.F. lays down its pack. Censoring officers are said to dread Sunday nights almost as much as if they had to go to prayer-meeting.

There is always some kind of a church carrying on in the morning, whether under French or American auspices; that much is sure about an Army Sunday in France. There are always three squares a day, with a little extra tacked on at noon or night, to be obtained by the simple expedient of holding up a vacant mess-kit and an equally vacant face. There are always places to walk to, for one purpose or another, and always other people—either local or Army talent—with whom one may walk. And there most always is—and if there isn't, it's a darn shame and should be remedied at once—a place where you can write without having a baseball clipping off your ears, and the wherewithal for the writing process.

OH, a Sunday in France, under Army auspices, isn't a bad Sunday; that is, as Sundays go and—oh, well, say it!—as Armies go. It's not so very different, save for the chicken and ice cream at dinner and the Sunday paper all day, from some Sundays we have known back home.

COLLAR AND POCKETS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

When are officers of the Army to have field service uniforms that merit that name? The uniform of the Navy has been changed to meet the requirements of active service. The enlisted uniform is about to be modified. But our officers are still wearing in the field a high stiff collar and a coat that has no pockets worth the name.

Serviceability in the field should be the keynote to the design of our apparel. Those of us who have lived in dugouts rushed across rough ground, lain for hours flat on the ground, slept with our boots on, or done any active exertion over battle ground know how binding and uncomfortable the high collar is to our physical and mental state.

Those of us who have tried to carry a notebook, map, pencils, bombs, tobacco, matches and so on in the flat patch pockets of the coat know that, even were it possible to make adequate room for necessary articles, the pockets at once become unsightly, bulging, inconvenient.

Let us copy—if we must use that word—when such change is for the better. Let us have a coat of the British style, that we may breathe better, move better, carry better, and fight bitter.

LIEUT., M.G.BN.

[We can't agree with "Lieut., M.G. Bn." that a change in uniform will enable the American to fight better. The American's fighting qualities do not depend upon the cut of his uniform. Personally, we favor the present collar. It certainly tends to make the average American keep his head up—and a man who keeps his head up is a dangerous man in a front line scrimmage. The soldier who is not to be feared is he who slouches. Furthermore, the French seem to have fought pretty valiantly the past four years, and they have been equipped with a collar similar to ours. As to our small patch pockets, we have the feeling that many a time they have prevented a man from carrying a lot of useless junk with him along the march and into the battle line. The best place, anyway, to carry the few necessaries that one needs up front are the four pockets of the breeches, two in front, two on the hips. They are commodious enough to swallow the most luxurious battle line kit. The most unmilitary looking American soldier we have seen in months was an officer who had rigged himself out in a coat of his own design, the bell pockets of which were bulging with heaven knows what. You know the national weakness for loading one's self down with all sorts of useless stuff. Of course, a big bell pocket would be a fine storage place for German helmets and other souvenirs of the front until they could be conveniently mailed back to Mabel. But that's no good reason for raising hally hell with the uniform, especially when there are many infinitely more important problems to be solved—one of them, by the way, being the defeat of the Boche.—EDITOR.]

NOT AUTHORIZED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Can you inform m if there is any service stripe or campaign ribbon issued to Americans who fought with the Allies previous to the entry of the United States into the war and who are now serving with American troops? If such is the case, could you inform me as to where the ribbon or stripe is to be obtained, and what is the number of the order permitting the wearing of this decoration?

WILLIAM H. PARR, 2nd Lt., F.A., U.S.R.

[The War Department has authorized no chevron or campaign badge to show service of Americans with the Allied armies prior to America's entry into the war.—EDITOR.]

WITH THE FIRST ONES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your edition of June 14th there appeared a very interesting article concerning the sailing of the first contingent of the American Expeditionary Forces one year ago.

In one paragraph the outline of the units comprising this first contingent was given. The members of Base Hospital No. 18 are desirous of knowing whether or not you forgot that they were among that first contingent. They sailed from New York harbor on June 14, 1917, aboard the U.S. Transport Finland in company with a regiment of Infantry.

We consider it a very great honor to have been in that first contingent and therefore feel that when the units comprising it are mentioned we should not be left out in the cold.

E. F. R.

[Our only alibi is that the historical records at G.H.Q., where we obtained the material for the article in question, made no mention of the unit now known as Base Hospital No. 18. We are, however, happy to place this unit in the first contingent of the A.E.F.—EDITOR.]

CANADA'S OWN DAY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

As an ex-Canadian I was delighted with your editorial regarding Dominion Day, but always thought that it came on July 1st until now. Speaking of natives here getting mixed on American history, what do you think of an editor who confuses Victoria Day, May 24th, with Dominion Day, July 1st?

CHARLES H. SHERATON,
1st Lieut., Q.M.C., N.A.

[You win, Lieutenant. The date in that editorial was hopelessly wrong, but that's the only thing in it we're going to take back.—EDITOR.]